

ENGLAND EXPECTS—

Proposed "Actual Service Conditions."

[We learn from the *Daily Mail* that "One of the best and newest ships in the French navy, the *Suffren*, is to be fired at by another battleship with one of the most powerful modern guns. The shot will be directed at the *Suffren's* turret, and the object of the trial is to ascertain how the complicated mechanism of the turret and the boilers of the ship will stand the blow. The crew will be on board and steam will be up."]

We suggest for our own Admiralty and War Office:—

Experiments on massed regiments to determine relative stopping power of dum-dum and service bullets, with prizes encouraging agility in taking cover.

Bombardment of Plymouth, and siege of York, in connection with military pension scheme.

All Army exams. to include "nerve drill," every tenth man being shot; medals to be presented for coolness under fire.

Explosions of submarines during manoeuvres. Results would be noted for reference, and ten years' seniority granted to survivors.

Tentative invasion of Germany under the auspices of the Transport Department.

UNSUSPECTED AMBITIONS.

Our strenuous contemporary *T.A.T.* has been giving its readers some interesting information as to the irresistible ambitions of various living celebrities. Most of these, however, harmonise closely enough with the public form and achievements of the notabilities in question. What is not so well known is the interesting fact that many remarkable men, who have already attained distinction in one sphere, are secretly consumed with the desire to shine in a totally different walk of life.

Thus it is the darling desire of M. PADEREWSKI, when he has amassed sufficient means to justify his abandoning the labours of the keyboard, to enter the arena of politics. The post which he ultimately desires to fill is, we understand, that of the Ban of Croatia, or, failing that, he would be content with the rôle of Hereditary Hospodar of Hispaniola.

Conversely Mr. SIDNEY LEE's devouring ambition, since early childhood, has been to embrace the career of a pianoforte virtuoso. Those who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of hearing him perform in private admit that his masterly interpretations of the compositions of CORELLI augur a brilliant reception for him on his appearance on any public platform.



AT A CONCERT.

Effie. "MUMMY, WHAT'S AN 'ENCORE?'"

Mother. "AN 'ENCORE,' DEAR, IS WHEN YOU ARE ASKED TO GO OVER THE SAME THING AGAIN."

Effie. "O MUMMY, THEN MY GOVERNESS IS ALWAYS ENCOURING ME AT MY LESSONS."

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH's *idée fixe* is the stage. It is, we believe, his rooted resolve on reaching the age of forty to retire from journalism and revive the *Lyons Mail*, with himself in the principal rôle.

Mr. BRODRICK has all through his life paid secret but devoted homage to the Muses. His *vers de société*, printed for private circulation, have been pronounced by competent critics to be at least equal to the most felicitous effusions of Mr. WHITWORTH WYNNE, and he is credibly asserted to be responsible for some of the most diverting speci-

mens of Catesby's Drolleries. There can be little doubt that Mr. BRODRICK will one day prove a most formidable candidate for the Laureateship, should it be found possible for him to combine that post with the Viceroyalty of India.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, when quite a tiny tot, was devoted to the study of theology. He has never abandoned his study of the Higher Criticism, and will, according to latest advices from Coney Island, probably issue his long-deferred translation of the Code of Hammurabi in the course of the autumn publishing season.

ON THE TRACK OF TRUTH.

(The Prime Minister speeds the parting Questers.)

My Comrades (since at such an hour
I'll not distinguish foe and friend),
Even as fades the fairest flower
Our pleasant intercourse must end ;
Permit me, therefore, on the eve of starting,
To draw attention to our solemn parting.

Some of our bloods, who might have been
The ornament of any House,
Are grassing, in another scene,
The early uninstructed grouse,
And for the keen pursuit of baffling conies
Desert our final conversaziones.

Perhaps they could not bear to trust
Their lips to say the last farewells,
Or mark with what a windy gust
This philosophic bosom swells ;
(You will forgive my slight surexcitation ;
This is no ordinary prorogation).

What is it sets this hour apart
From those of commonplace goodbyes ?
What means this spasm at the heart,
This speculation in the eyes ?
These are the symptoms, as you must have guessed,
Always associated with a Quest.

Some search for gold, and some the font
Of springs that yield eternal youth ;
Our case is other ; what we want
Is just the naked fiscal Truth ;
I hope that each has got it on his mind
At least to seek the same, if not to find.

It is not given to all to go,
Like GILBERT PARKER,* to Berlin,
And, where the germs of Tariff blow,
Stoop down and yield their sweetness in ;
But I am confident that every man
Will try and do the very best he can.

I know of some that mock at doubts ;
To them the Truth's an open book ;
So well they know her whereabouts
They really hardly need to look ;
For me, I gladly grasp at all suggestions,
Being the merest babe in fiscal questions.

I study primers ; sheet by sheet
I grope through Treasury reports ;
I ask policemen on the beat
To tell me, please, where Truth resorts ;
And yet I fancy, when I most despair,
Some day the Thing will strike me unaware.

When all my conscious efforts fail,
And I have sought and sought in vain,
Some trifling chance may rend the veil,
And slip the bolt inside my brain ;
Perhaps a sunset, or a line from HERRICK,
Or, say, a fizzle on the links of Berwick.

Dear Berwick, by the Lothian seas !
How oft upon her bunkered greens
Have I resumed the careless case
Of adolescence in its teens !

* The latest bulletin represents Sir GILBERT PARKER as on his way to the Prussian capital with an introduction to the highest European authority on fiscal economics.

There, there, methinks, from worldly strife at rest,
I shall (if anywhere) attain the Quest.

And now farewell ! We go our ways
Each in the hope, not too precise,
On one of these fine questing days
To reach some Earthly Paradise,
Where blooms the Tree of Knowledge, rare and
fruity,
And fiscal Truth is one with fiscal Beauty.

O. S.

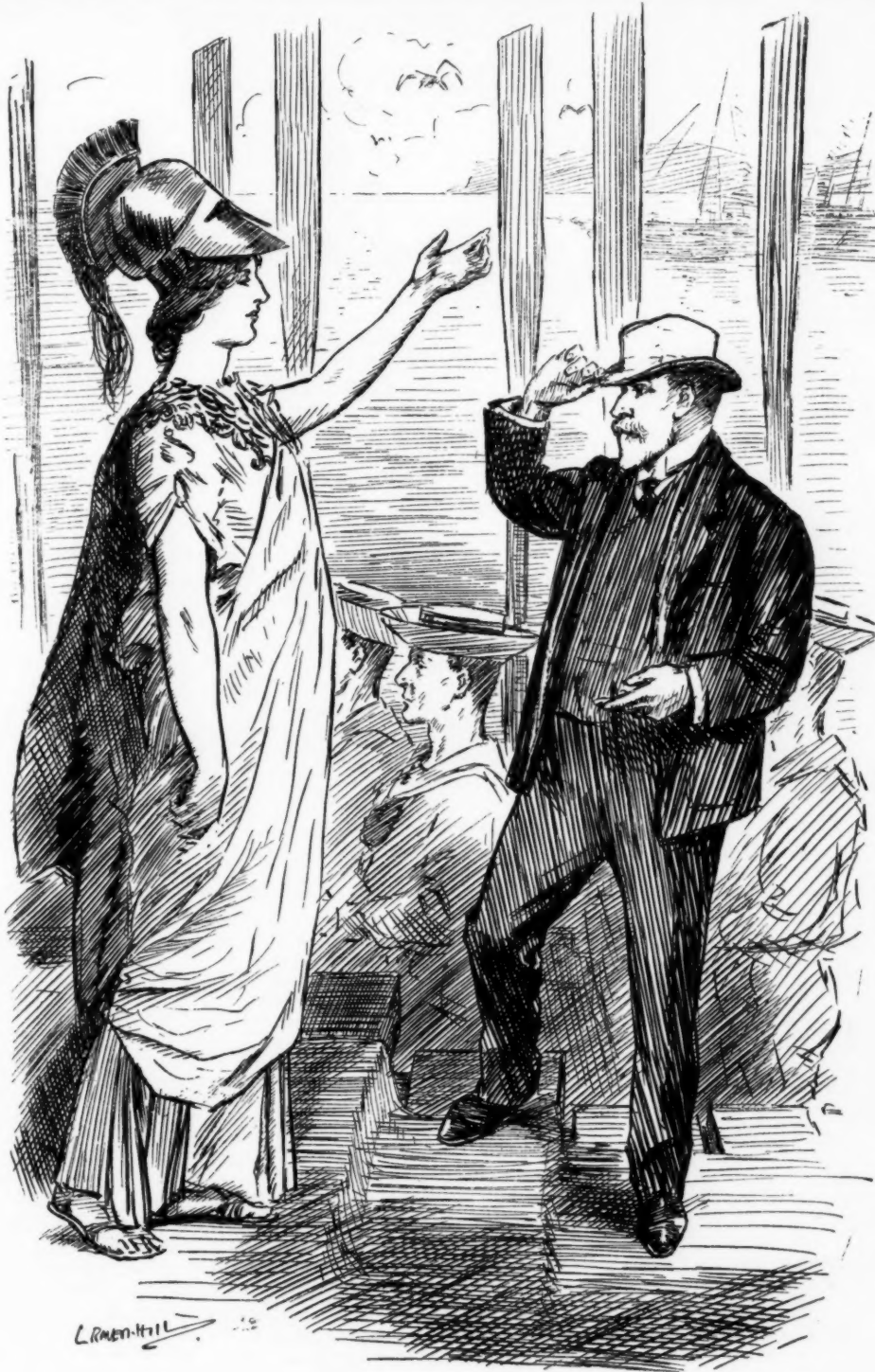
OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THE difficulty my Baronite feels in appreciating *The Love that Overcame* (METHUEN) is that the man on whose behalf the potent influence prevailed was not worth the undertaking. But that, as the poet almost says, may be man's jealousy of man that makes countless women mourn. Certainly there is nothing in *Max Caledon's* character that commands respect or inspires interest. His final retributory act of self-sacrifice in fighting single-handed with the fever-stricken inhabitants of a fortuitous hamlet is a little too obvious. The best character in Miss SERGEANT's story is its heroine, *Winifred*, and she is at her very best in the opening chapter. The picture of *Madame de Quetteville* in her salon, surrounded by friends of the Faubourg St. Germain, chatting with the self-possessed, almost stately-mannered English schoolgirl, is charming. For the rest, *Sir Godfrey Bruce*, his secret marriage and his ineffective attempt at suicide, his bride *Rosamund*, with her habit of Bridge and her passion for Monte Carlo, do not exactly stir the pulses.

In *Thraldom* (JOHN LONG) Mrs. HELEN PROTHERO-LEWIS has given us her next best book after *Hooks of Steel*. It is a good story : it defies no probabilities, it interests from first to last, and all the characters, without exception, are clearly individualised. The amiable Anglican Bishop, with his keen sense of humour, and the somewhat uxoriously inclined rector, are both in their way life-like portraits ; and the madcap heroine, whose faults are those of her position and education, is a fascinating creation. The weaklings of the flock are to be found in the men : but then when a lady novelist writes—well—the Baron is reminded of *Æsor's* inimitable fable of the Man and the Lion going over the picture gallery together. The finishing chapters are somewhat discursive and of the nature of an anti-climax. The authoress allows her characters to linger on the stage, doing nothing in particular. Perhaps she was as sorry to part with them as was the Baron delighted at making their acquaintance.

Persons about to make holiday and feeling the need of a counsellor are recommended to turn to Messrs. METHUEN's collection of *Little Guides*. They are portable, cheap, and, as far as my Baronite has tested them from personal knowledge, accurate. Since they comprise a whole county, as Sussex or Kent, a province like Brittany, many college towns like Oxford and Cambridge, they cannot be expected to be overloaded with details. But they serve. For their avowed purpose they are made more useful by maps, more attractive by charming illustrations.

With *Hugh Brotherton, Curate* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by FRANCES HOME, the Baron failed to get on good terms. The reverend gentleman begins well ; but, perhaps like one of his own sermons, he becomes a bit tedious when he arrives at thirdly and fourthly. It is illustrated, "which," as the song says, "is a pity" ; and with this opinion agrees the judicious
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



OFF DUTY.

BRITANNIA (to KING EDWARD). "IF EVER ANYONE DESERVED A HOLIDAY I'M SURE YOU DO, SIR.
YOU'VE DONE SPLENDID WORK."





Edith (with the parasol). "I DO LIKE THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT AWFULLY. BUT THERE'S ONE OBJECTION I HAVE TO THE NATIVES--THEY STARE SO!"

Her Companion. "REALLY! DO YOU KNOW, THAT'S ONE THING I'VE NEVER NOTICED--AND I'VE BEEN COMING HERE FOR YEARS!"

HOW THEY DO IT.

Writing in *Cassell's Magazine* for August on clerical playwrights, Mr. R. DE CORDOVA describes the methods of one busy vicar who, besides attending to a large parish, is a member of the School Board, the Board of Guardians, and other public bodies, so that during the hours of the day he is interrupted every few minutes by some one who wants to see him. "Writing under such circumstances would be impossible, so that when he is ready to write an act of a play or a story he sits up all night; but, instead of going to bed in the morning, he has a hot bath with a lot of liquid ammonia in it, and he is 'as fit as a sandboy,' to use his own expression, during the rest of the day. Under these circumstances he has written a play in three days."

As the result of careful inquiries, conducted with the aid of an international detective, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to give further information as to the methods of other public characters.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who is one of the hardest workers in the world, finds it necessary, in order to make time for the composition of the sparkling novelettes which he publishes under the *nom de guerre* of "Gyp van Winkle," to cultivate insomnia by artificial means. These exhilarating comedies, which are the favourite reading of the *élite* of Blackpool, Bootle, Bacup and Chowbent, are generally dashed off in the small hours of the morning. By the aid of a powerful hypodermic injection of dynamite the Duke is enabled to start afresh on his official correspondence at 7 A.M., and comes down to breakfast with a smiling morning face. It is only an occasional tell-tale yawn in the House of Lords that betrays the terrible expenditure of vital energy incurred by the Duke in the effort to keep faith with his publishers.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., owing to the multifarious calls upon his time, has to create leisure for writing his articles for the *Quarterly Review*. In

other words, he is driven to apply the maxim of the poet:—

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my
dear."

Thus, on returning to his self-contained flat after a late sitting of the House, Mr. CHURCHILL drinks a quart of strong coffee, and sits down to his desk, never stirring from his chair till 7.30 A.M. Then, instead of retiring to his well-earned couch, Mr. CHURCHILL, by special arrangement with Professor DEWAR, plunges into a bath of liquid air, and immediately starts on the labours of the day "as bright as a button."

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, perhaps the most industrious and versatile journalist living, for upwards of ten months in the year never goes to bed at all. He then sleeps for six weeks on an end, is blown from a 4.7 naval gun, and resumes his Atlantean labours like a giant refreshed with Kentish fire.

IN MEMORIAM.

Phil May.

BORN, 1864. DIED, AUGUST 5, 1903.

If the death of PHIL MAY is a loss that the world of art may not soon retrieve, to his wide circle of friends it is an irreparable hurt. He had a nature made to love; so great a charm of gentleness and unaffected modesty went with his splendid gifts. The hard times of early life, that helped him in his art, as they helped another FILIPPO, to "learn the look of things," left their trace, too, in the almost reckless generosity he showed for the needs of others. Less careful for himself, he suffered as a man must suffer who has a heart too quickly responsive to the claims of good fellowship always to distinguish in others between friendship and mere camaraderie. Among his colleagues at the Table he inspired a personal affection not less frank and sincere than their admiration, never even faintly tinged with envy, for the genius from which they caught a reflected pride. Their only jealousy was of the happy possessor of the latest of those delightfully spontaneous sketches which he used to make on the backs of the *Punch* Dinner menus. These gifts are treasured still more dearly now, along with many unrecorded memories that linger about his vacant place.

THE SUN-CHILD.

HE really was a pretty child. Pinks and snow-drops had been mixed to make his face; and the kind sky had given him two tiny patches of beautiful violet blue, deep and shining and quiet, through which he looked at things. You and I would have called them eyes if we had seen them for the first time, but if we had looked at them again we should not have known what to call them, for they had the most beautiful light in them that seemed to come from far, far away, and shine so steadily that nothing could ever put it out. They were like clear pools in a shady place when the day is bright round about them, and the breeze has gently swept the fleecy clouds away to the edge of heaven. His hair was pure gold, not the deep red gold we sometimes see, but a light and airy gold, and it lay in waves over his head and broke into curls over his neck and shoulders. His little body was as straight as a dart, and he had a way of his own of standing with his sturdy legs apart and putting his arms akimbo. This he did when he was puzzled and wanted to think things out for himself. He wore no clothes, because he was a Sun-child, and Sun-children never wear anything except their own satin skin and their radiant hair. The fact is, the Sun-people can't make clothes or boots or hats or gloves. They have other things to do, and nobody ever got up high enough (nobody of our kind, I mean) to teach them the dignity of labour. I doubt if it would be any good talking to them about such things: they wouldn't understand you, but, of course, they would smile at you and ask you to play with them for an hour or two, and then they would let you go, for they are wonderfully polite people.

Well, as I say, this little fellow had no clothes at all, but it didn't much matter anyhow, because nobody could see him. I shouldn't have known anything about him myself unless—but I can't stop to tell you that tale now, I must keep it for another time. However, nobody else saw him, and this had made him rather sad at first, for he hadn't realised he was invisible down here. All his little Sun-brothers and sisters had seen him quite well, and you can't have a notion what splendid romps and

games they all used to have together up and down the stairs, which shone like crystal, but were so soft that any child could roll from the top to the bottom and right back again (which is a thing you couldn't even dream of doing on the stairs we know) without hurting itself a bit. And then, when they had done with the stairs, there were green meadows full of rich grass where they could frisk about all day long, and no one ever bothered them about spoiling the hay-crop, for as soon as they were gone the grass on which they had been romping just lifted itself straight up again of its own accord as if nothing had happened. Besides, nobody made hay, so it wouldn't have mattered anyhow. These were the meadows in which the Sun-horses were put out to grass when they were getting old, for the Sun-people are very kind to animals. You might live in their country for a hundred years and never see a bearing-rein on any horse or hear even the crack of a whip.

As for the Sun-dogs, they simply have a most gorgeous time, for they spend a part of every day in chasing the Sun-rabbits, such funny, frolicsome little balls of fur, and when a dog catches a rabbit (which isn't often) the rules of the game say that he must drop it directly without hurting it a bit and let it scamper away. The consequence is that the rabbits are rather impudent, but the dogs don't mind, for, as they say, they know perfectly well that they could eat up the rabbits if they wanted to, only they don't want to. I heard all this from an old Sun-spaniel, a brown one with curls on his ears and a very stumpy tail, whom I once had the pleasure of meeting.

I must tell you more about the Sun-child next week.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON THE PROSPECT OF GETTING NO HOLIDAY.

THE clerk has left his office stool, to bask on Bognor sands,
Whose air is balmy with the strains of niggers and of bands;
To Felixstowe financiers have winged an early flight,
To sport upon the links all day and play at Bridge all night;
The barrister has gone to fish off Cornwall's rock-bound coast—

Cornwall, whose mighty conger eels are England's chiefest boast;

I only, whom the cruel Fates have failed to stuff with pelf,
I only spend my holidays in London by myself!

Ab, had I but a modest sum, say twenty pounds or so,

I also might have had a jaunt and gone where others go.

I might have gone to Paris, or at least have tried Boulogne;

Ostend has charms, I understand, peculiarly its own;

I might have fared to sweet Lucerne—I've read of it in books—

I might have sampled Venice and Maggiore's lake (with Cook's);

The lovely land of firs and fiords where oft (in dreams) I roam,

I might have spent a fortnight there—but now I stay at home!

Ab, happy days of infancy, when I (at my Papa's

Expense) frequented large hotels and fashionable Spas;

I had a nurse in that far time—I think the girl was plain—

I know her hand was hard, but oh, I wish her back again!

Avaunt, aerial visions! Fond recollections, hence!

Leave me to brood alone upon my paucity of pence.

I will go stand at eve on thy incipient bridge, Vauxhall,

When darkness drops on Thames's flood and silence over all,

And wait until at Phœbus' touch the veil of night grows thin,

Then quietly remove my boots and gently tumble in;

So quietly that none shall know I've left a world of pain,

And no policeman passing by shall pull me out again!

THE RHINOCEROS IN FLEET STREET.

CONSIDERABLE local and political feeling has been roused of late by the display in the office windows of the *Daily Chronicle* of the bones of certain early British Fauna alleged to have been discovered on the premises. As it is suspected in *certain quarters* that the aforesaid bones are being exploited for *commercial or political purposes*, we feel it only right to give publicity to the following facts:—

During some alterations recently effected on the premises of the *St. Pall's Gazette*, the skeleton of a gigantic Mastodon has been discovered. As these monsters subsisted entirely on vegetable food it seems probable that at the period of 1903 B.C. English Agriculture was in a flourishing condition, which would seem to point to the existence of some form of Protective Tariff. A lecturer attends on the premises to explain the significance of the discovery to casual electors who like to call in passing.

Whilst searching for copy in the basement of the offices occupied by the *Friday Review*, the Editor and a party of friends recently unearthed quite a quantity of primitive tomahawks, flint axes, and other implements used for savage warfare in the Stone Age. These interesting remains bore traces of comparatively recent employment, and were in perfect order. Their practical use will be illustrated by competent professors in the next number of the *Review*.

In the course of removing some of the early back numbers of the *Terrestrial Ball* (one of our oldest evening newspapers) a large assortment of geological remains, clearly dating from ante-diluvian periods, are constantly being discovered. The Editor has never considered the occurrence sufficiently remarkable to require public advertisement. Nothing would induce him to refer to such a matter in his own columns like some people he knows.

HINTS FOR SEASIDE VISITORS.

Of Outdoor Opportunities.—Change of air and scene are among the advantages commonly ascribed to a visit to a fashionable watering-place, but the real attraction is the scope it affords for indulgence in mild histrionics. You live and move all day long in the midst of some hundreds of people, visitors like yourself, whose principal means of escape from boredom consists in watching you and one another as closely as good manners will permit. It will be your pleasure, if not your duty, to provide them with abundant material for humorous criticism and ingenious conjecture. They do not know that your name is SMITH, and that you live at Clapham Junction. You do not know that they—some of them—are called JONES, and live where they can. The opportunities are mutual. Choose your part and play it.

Of some Easy Roles.—The appearance, on the front, of a lady in a green velvet yachting-cap with a white veil, for example, will at once excite speculation as to which of the pleasure-craft in the bay she can have come ashore from. Should you desire rather a reputation for brains than for a sea-going stomach, a writing-pad and a fountain pen, judiciously wielded for a few mornings on the pier, are likely to lead to your being provisionally identified with at least half a dozen popular writers. To be taken for an artist is not quite so easy, as people will come and look over your shoulder. But musical leanings may be indicated by frequent and ostentatious examination of the programme displayed outside the bandstand, or even, if you are daintily shod, by beating time with your feet. Lovers of poetry will hail you as a brother (or sister) if you, inadvertently of course, leave the Laureate face downwards for a few minutes in a deck-chair. A connection with the stage is all



DISCRETION; OR, GOING TO GET HELP.

but demonstrated by the carrying about of the appropriate journals, title-pages outwards, during the whole of the current week of their publication. In fact, almost any calling, accomplishment, or virtue, which you haven't got, may be harmlessly assumed for the fortnight, with equal satisfaction to yourself and the spectators.

Of Pleasant Evenings.—With the object of providing as much further amusement as possible to your contemporaries, you should invariably dine without drawing down the blinds, and have a little music afterwards with all the windows open. A terrace of well-filled lodging-houses where the latter part of this rule is observed will be also an attraction to the untutored natives, who will probably gratify you from the street with endeavours to imitate the concord of sweet sounds. "Of all the wives as ere y'know-o-o-o" rolls, let us suppose, from one open window. "It is not mine," replies a devout lover from over the way. "Have you forgot—ten—love—so soon?" is the immediate feminine reproach from lower down the road. Effects like this are seldom to be enjoyed at home.

Of Domiciliary Matters.—You can give the house in which you temporarily reside an unmistakable holiday appearance by hanging all your brightest bathing dresses and gayest towels from the sills of the upper windows. And when you depart it will be a graceful act of consideration for your successors if you leave them the greater part of the collection of seaweed, boulders, sand, shells and other marine jetsam you have accumulated in the recesses of your bed-room. The fish need not be extracted from the shells.

Something like a High Churchman

WANTED. Locum Tenens, for ———. Good preacher. 300 feet high. Usual fees.—Advt. in "The Record."

THE ENGLISH TEAM.

(Special from our Correspondent at
Lords—and Commons.)

THE selection of the English team for the next friendly Colonial fixture has given rise to much friction in cricketing circles. Some object to the selection of the well-known Lancashire cricketer, BALFOUR, as Captain, on the ground that he is weak in handling a team, and never takes his bowlers off however severely they are punished. It is hinted that CHAMBERLAIN, the Warwickshire Demon, on account of his previous Colonial experience, would make a better captain. On the other hand, many experienced cricketers allege that the Demon, though a good captain, is never content unless he is in a position to adopt forcing tactics. It is rumoured also that some of the best umpires consider his fast underhand bowling illegitimate. The Demon's detractors say that though Balfour is not so keen in the field yet he always plays for his side and not his average.

Not many of England's crack cricketers have yet sent in acceptances. They are waiting till the questions of captaincy and financial terms are settled. Amongst the certain starters are:—

AUSTEN, the youthful Worcestershire bat. Though still lacking in experience this young cricketer improves with every match, and should be found useful on the fast Colonial wickets.

BRODRICK, the Surrey Terror. Has had an unsuccessful season here, but in the Colonies, where his style is not so well known, might come off. He must, however, cure himself of an irresistible tendency to muff catches.

LANDSOWNE, the Pride of Wiltshire. This batsman, in spite of his pretty style, has a weak defence, as he proved during his recent tour in Asia Minor and Persia. Some cricketers say that he showed a distinct tendency to funk the fast bowling of the German professionals in the Eastern teams.

LONG, the Bristol Pet. Might succeed if he could get rid of his incorrigible habit of muddling between wickets. He has run himself out on many occasions, and his excuse that muddling is all in the game is scouted by expert cricketers.

The three last-mentioned professionals have agreed to join the team on receipt of the usual salary and on condition that the washing of their dirty linen be charged to the general expenses of the team. This in past tours has proved a very expensive item.

DOUBTFUL STARTERS.

DOOK, the Devonshire Stonewaller, prefers to wait till the question of captaincy is settled before deciding. If

he should not go, his stolid defence will be much missed by the team. It is to be hoped that if he accepts he will cure himself of his habit of sleeping at cover point.

RITCHIE, the Surrey wicket-keeper, will not commit himself. He has told a reporter that he would like to play for England, but that the Warwickshire Demon's fast bowling is so damaging to the hands that he fears to run the risk.

DOUGLAS, the Kent Lobster, declines to make any statement of his intentions till he has consulted his Committee.

HAMILTON, the Hindoo Marvel, believes that the Colonial prejudice against his race would make it awkward for him on the field. He objects to being "barracked," and is a doubtful starter.

NON-STARTERS.

BEACH, the Gloucestershire slogger, has no hesitation in saying that he will never take a place in the team, whoever may captain it. He says that the terms by which the Colonials take nine-tenths of the gate-money are absurd, and that he will be no party to the ruin of English cricket.

GORST, the Cambridge swerver, says that while he will not play for England, as he is not a sufficiently incompetent cricketer, he will have no objection to sending down a few of his trickiest balls as practice for any member of the English team. His experience of past tours has been that only the bad bowlers in the side have been given a chance. "A professional like myself," said Mr. GORST indignantly, "never stood a chance with a mere amateur as captain."

WINSTON, the Oldham Skittler, declines to take any place in the team for three reasons. The Captaincy is unsettled, the terms are outrageous, and he has not been asked.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

II.—THE GHOST WITH SOCIAL TASTES.

THE wind whistled in the trees with the tuneless violence of the London street-boy. The moonbeams, like young authors, were thin and struggling. Twelve boomed from the castle clock, and I awoke with a strange feeling that I was not alone. Nor was I. A groan and a weird phosphorescent gleam at the foot of the bed told that the spectre had arrived, right on the scheduled time as usual. I took no notice. I wished to make the ghost speak first. A ghost hates to have to begin a conversation.

"You might speak to a chap," said a plaintive voice, at last.

"Ah, you there?" I said. "The family ghost, I presume?"

"The same," said the Spectre, courteously, seating himself on the bed. "Frightened?"

"Not in the least."

"Hair not turned white, I suppose?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then you are the man I have been wanting to meet for the last hundred years. Reasonable; that's what you are. I tell you, Sir, it hurts a fellow when people gibber at him, as most of your human beings do. Rational conversation becomes impossible."

"But you have other ghosts to talk to?"

"Only for four weeks in the year, and on Bank Holidays. You see, these things are managed on a regular system. After a house has been built for a century or two, a ghost is formally appointed to haunt it. He draws a salary for the work, and gets so many weeks' holiday in the year. It's not all beer and skittles, I can assure you. But then there's the honour, of course. It's the career of a gentleman. To be appointed to a house is a sign that a ghost is of good family. None of your parvenus need apply. No, Sir. Such an appointment is a hall mark. It stamps a ghost. 'Where's No. 1058673 Gerard now?' you'll hear a ghost ask. I am No. 1058673 Gerard. We all have telephonic numbers in the spirit world. It saves a deal of confusion. 'Oh,' someone else will say, 'he's been appointed to old SANGAZURE's place in the Shires, spare-bedroom department. Capital billet.' 'Oh, ah, yes,' says the first speaker, 'of course. A very good post. A sort of cousin of mine haunts the Armoury there. I hope they'll meet.' And so, you see, I get a reputation for moving in the best society. But on the other hand," continued the Spectre, crossing his legs, "the life is dull; there are few excitements. Nobody talks to me. Nobody loves me. Oh," he went on with modest fervour, "Oh, to be received into the Family Circle, to be the Honoured Guest. Do you know our host's little daughters?" he broke off suddenly. "I met them in the passage yesterday. I believe that in a few minutes we should have been as jolly and sociable as anything. Unfortunately I vanished. That is the worst of being a ghost. You are always liable to vanish without the slightest warning. When I came back they were not there. Now, look here, could you do me a favour? Get old SANGAZURE to let me play with them in the nursery occasionally. It would cheer me up like a tonic. My tastes are simple and domestic, and I love children. Then again—"

He vanished.

I informed Lord SANGAZURE of the ghost's request. I said that he seemed

a perfect gentleman, and had a fine easy flow of conversation. I thought the children would like him.

"Doesn't drop his aitches or anything, eh?"

"Oh, no," I said.

"Then I see no reason—if he wishes it—by all means tell him we shall be delighted if he would look in."

On the following evening No. 1058673 Gerard was the life and soul of the festivities in the nursery. His genial *bonhomie*, and his never-failing anxiety to please, speedily won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. The only blot on the evening's pleasure, his inability to play hide-and-seek in the dark fairly, owing to the advantage his habit of night-walking gave him, was soon removed by the wholeheartedness with which he flung himself into Puss-in-the-Corner and Hunt-the-Slipper.

And to this day there is not in all the haunted houses in the kingdom a cheerier, happier, more contented spectre than No. 1058673 Gerard. But, being the soul of tact, he effaces himself when strangers are present.

A PESSIMIST'S HOLIDAY SONG.

DAPHNE, since (the papers say)

Everybody goes away,

Since DE VERES and MONTMORENCYS

Hurry (blowing the expenses)

Out of town—for very shame

We must also do the same.

You must strain your weary back

In a wild attempt to pack;

You must spoil your best apparel

While, like herrings in a barrel,

In a stuffy train we ride,

Crammed with people five a side.

Many guineas we shall give

For the cupboards where we'll live;

While the joints we do not finish

Will mysteriously diminish,

As with feigned delight we share

Costly but inferior fare.

Daily by the SMITHS annoyed

(Whom we went there to avoid),

Scared by dangers of infection,

Scorched without the least protection,

We shall watch with weary sigh

Day by day pass slowly by.

Thus when, all our money spent,

We return to whence we went,

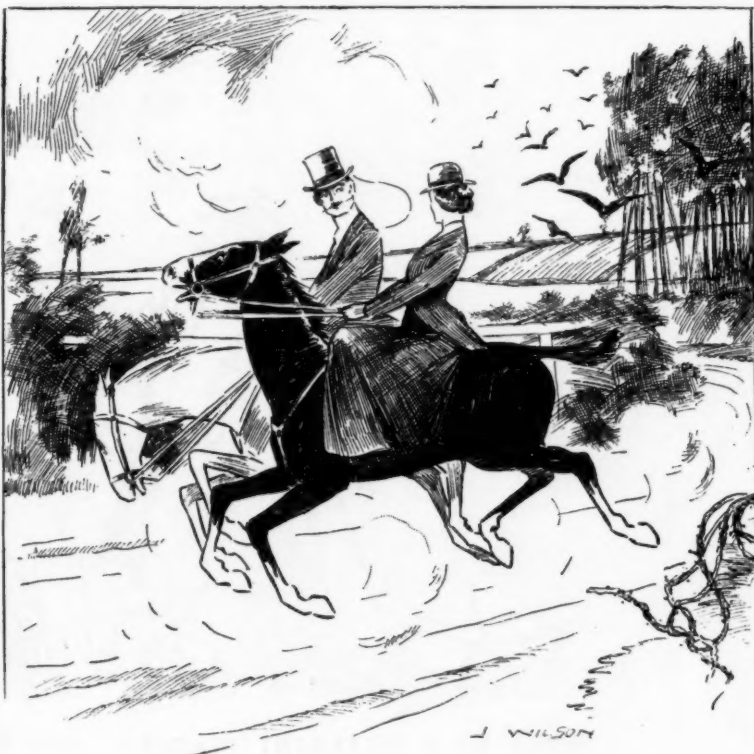
Where, while we were rusticated,

Bills have been accumulating,

Let this thought our solace bring—

We have done the proper thing.

Small Boy (inexperienced in golf but expert at football, on seeing golfer take a furious smile at the ball and drive it exactly four yards). Daddy, isn't he allowed to kick it?



Smithers. "DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO HAS A HORSE TO SELL?"

She. "YES. I EXPECT OLD BROWN HAS."

Smithers. "WHY?"

She. "WELL, PAPA SOLD HIM ONE YESTERDAY."

THE BART'S PROGRESS;

OR, LIPTON DAY BY DAY.

II.

July 16.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON called in to act Paris in the matter of the beauty of two rival actresses. *Shamrock III.* turns a yellower shade of green.

July 17.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON orders a golden apple at TIFFANY'S, reads BURKE *On the Sublime and Beautiful*, and commits to memory GOLDSMITH'S lines on "Lovely Woman."

July 18.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON, after a careful scrutiny of both claimants, decides that they are equally beautiful, and presents the apple to *Shamrock III.*

July 19.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON visits Polonville, Pa., and is kissed at the station by 3000 ladies, each of whom remarks, "This is a great day for Polonville." *Shamrock III.* resumes yellowish tinge of green.

July 20.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON at Harvard. Is made honorary D.C.L. (Disappointed Cup-Lifter). Returns thanks in an affecting speech, and presents the students with a portrait of himself in oleomargarine.

July 21.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON entertained by Mr. DOOLEY to a clam-chowder supper. Replies to the toast of his health in a rich, syrupy brogue. *Shamrock III.* refuses to go home till morning.

July 22.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON receives the freedom of Newport, and is presented with his statue in gold. Successful motor gymkhana in the afternoon at which nine persons are killed and fourteen injured. Mr. O. P. Q. VANDERBILT reaches a speed of 133 miles an hour.

July 23.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON contributes an article entitled "My Impressions of America," to the *Minneapolis Magazine*. Having used only ninety-nine superlatives he narrowly escapes lynching.

July 24.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON takes refuge on *Shamrock III.* and makes for the high seas. Indignation meetings at Tammany Hall.

July 25.—Tammany issues ultimatum by Marconigraph. Offers to pardon Sir THOMAS LIPTON if he will add another superlative. Sir THOMAS agrees. Led back to the Waldorf Astoria by torch-light procession.



BIRDS OF A DIFFERENT FEATHER. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

SCENE—A School Cricket-Match. Telegraph Board reads 20—1—0.

Music-master (to returning batsman). "ACH, SO YOU HAVE—HOW SAY YOU?—ZWANZIG RUNS GEMACHT."

Batsman (gloomily). "SWAN'S EGG? NO. DUCK'S EGG, UNFORTUNATELY."

FOR BRITISH CONSUMPTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This morning I was strolling in the Strand, meditating on the sad fact that I am now three thousand miles from Broadway and can't swim, when I suddenly found myself in front of the American Quick Lunch Restaurant.

Says I to myself, "Here's where I get glad. I shall go get a piece of pie like mother used to make, and listen while the girls use language to the chef."

The outside of the place looked all right, with the chef browning the sinkers in full view of an admiring crowd, but the first step inside gave me a jolt. This was no Nassau Street quick lunch, but a cross between Delmonico's and Dennett's,* that had suffered "a sea change into something rich and strange."

Thinking it might improve on acquaintance, I took a seat in front of a palatial mirror and tried to imagine that I had just stepped around the

corner off Park Row to wrasse some sustaining hash before going to do my afternoon stunt in the famine district of a yellow journal. (The famine district is familiarly known as the literary department.)

"Buckwheat cakes and a cup of black coffee," I said to the waitress, and then perked up my ear expectantly.

"Thank you, Sir," she said as politely as if she had never walked "farther than Finsbury."

What's the use of having an American Quick Lunch without the local colour? If I had given that order in a New York quick lunch bean emporium it would have been translated to the chef's department in this fashion:—

"Three up and draw one on the dark!"

Think how that would have toned up the frayed system of an exile, and what an exhilarating fillip it would have given to a correct islander!

What does it matter to me that the pies, shortcakes, beans, and all American dishes are as advertised, if I can't have the language with it? When I order an omelette in a hurry I want to hear the waitress sing out:—

"A slaughter in the pan, and no waiting."

Poached eggs can never be the same to me unless they come as "White-wings, sunny side up," and I want my veal cutlet as "A slab of a yearlin' for a gummer." Pork and beans should come as "Chicago and Boston," and a small coffee as "One in a shell."

Besides, they served me pie without cheese!

While the new Quick Lunch appears to be thoroughly convincing to the untraveled Englishman, it somehow lacks flavour to a homesick

INVADER.

'ARRY PUTS 'EM RIGHT.—The *Daily Chronicle* recently suggested that the plural of Rhinoceros is a disputed point. 'ARRY writes: "What O, Mr. P., 'disputed?'—not a bit. Any kiddy as 'as 'ad 'arf an eddication knows what the plural of 'oss' is, don't he? No matter as to its bein' spelt 'os' or 'oss.' Plural anyway 'osses,' 'Bus-'os'—'Bus-'osses.' 'Rhinocer-os'—'Rhinocer-osses.' That's as plain as an 'aystack, ain't it? Yours,

'ARRY."

* Delmonico's—the most expensive restaurant in New York.

Dennett's—the regulation cheap restaurant—the original "quick lunch."



RECKLESS.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. "IF HE GOES ON SHOOTING LIKE THIS, I SHALL GO HOME!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 3.—
"England grants Treaties, it does not ask for them."

Thus Cousin CRANBORNE—Ajax of the Foreign Office defying the lightning of the world in arms. Early in the Session, trouble threatening in the Far East, he was asked whether we had invited a Treaty with Japan, and rebuked a humble Member with this magnificent reply.

Similarly, though on a lower level, Parliament makes Bank Holidays; it does not enjoy them. Whilst all the world is out in the strangely smokeless streets, Lords and Commons are not only at work, but peg away through exceptionally prolonged sittings. Members are, after all, only human; cannot utterly turn aside their thoughts from what might have been. COUNTY GUY, waiting to move second reading of Irish Land Bill, with pretty effort at the casual, asks LANSDOWNE whether it is true Rosherville is, or is to be, resuscitated? A softened look chastens the countenance of the Foreign Secretary as, making reply, he thinks of olden times when he knew "the place to spend a happy day."

In the Commons BRODRICK, seated on the Treasury Bench in charge of troublesome War Office Vote, closes his eyes and thinks of Hampstead Heath, its remounts of donkeys, its abundant rations of tinned meat above reproach,



Don José Quixote goes off to Tarifa in the Recess in search of Windmills.

and its canteen beer, warranted as the cask empties to leave a quantity equal to one-fourth to the credit of the management.

Truly, sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. No use lamenting the inevitable. Thing for brave men to do is to get to work. So COUNTY GUY, pulling himself together, took Irish Land Bill in hand. Only sign of resentment at forfeited Bank Holiday appeared in opening passages of speech. Made flesh of noble Lords creep by hinting at design to review history of Irish Land legislation during past thirty years as preliminary to summary of the forty Land Bills launched during that period. This, he thought, would in the course of the night bring him to the measure actually before their Lordships and preface brief but, he trusted, comprehensive description of each of its hundred and one clauses.

An audible gasp resounded through Chamber. Noble Lords gazed furtively towards the door. Lord Chancellor anxiously looked to see if Chairman of Committees, *locum tenens* on the Wool-sack, was in his place.

"I wonder if it's raining," observed

the Minister of Education with studiously absent air.

"It generally is in July," said the First Lord of the Admiralty; "I'll go and see if you like."

"Not at all," said LONDONDERRY hastily, "I'll take a look round myself presently."

Only the Duke's fun. Having enjoyed it for a few minutes he confessed he didn't mean to do anything of the sort, and was nearly as good as his word.

Pretty incident in debate escaped general attention. The Peers saw GEORGE WYNDHAM sitting radiant on the steps of the Throne, watching his Bill continuing its triumphant course in another place. But they did not see, immediately opposite him, his father, listening with delight to the encomiums showered on his son. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who sat with him in the Commons during the latter half of his quarter of a century's representation of West Cumberland, pointed him out to me. In spite of his nearing the borderland of threescore-years-and-ten, PERCY WYNDHAM is still handsome, alert, even better dressed than his son.



THE COURTEOUS YEOMAN.

(Capt. B-tl-r, Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod.)



JUDGES AND JOURNALISM.

Lord B-r-n-h-m of Hall Barn (lately Sir Edw-rd L-v-y-L-w-s-n) takes his seat in the Lords, introduced by Lords J-n-e-s and F-r-n-q 'o-i.

Thus for a while Youth and Age were "housemates still"—Youth seated within the sacred precincts reserved for Privy Councillors, Age modestly looking on from obscurity of the Strangers Gallery. SARK fancied he heard PERCY WYNDHAM conning over COLERIDGE's most musical lines:—

Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
O Youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!—
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Business done.—Second reading Irish Land Bill passed without division.

In the Commons animated debate on £80,000 worth of rations destroyed at Pretoria. Sent out for nurture of Army in the field; examined by committee appointed by General commanding, were reported unfit for food. That bad enough. Disposition to regard a mere £80,000 as nothing in expenditure of over two hundred millions. Still, Income taxpayer who contributed fifteen pence in the pound to the levy, doesn't like to hear of management resulting in this kind of thing.

To-night's debate threw new, more lurid, light on ghastly story. What and if the rations were not bad, but were wantonly sacrificed in moment of ignorant panic? Admitted that the countryside made fine thing out of the transaction. The natives, making off with arms full of condemned stores, never had such a good time in their life. Whatever may take place in communications from Pall Mall, War Office

never publicly gives up its subordinates when attacked in Commons. Stands by them even when they themselves have not a leg to stand upon. And an excellent principle too. Only it makes more significant STANLEY's admission to-night that the Commanding Officer would have done well if, before making this costly sacrifice, he had arrived at a decision after closer inquiry and further consideration.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—As WILLIAM BLACK used occasionally to remark in the course of a novel, "Lo, a strange thing happened." It befell just now, whilst WALTER LONG was moving second reading of Motor-Car Bill. The romance, like some others

of high repute, must have a prologue. Last Wednesday night as ever was, *Mr. Punch's* young men, gathered under the old mahogany tree beneath whose boughs THACKERAY once sat, after their manner from time immemorial, discussed the subject and treatment of the cartoon for the following week. Appropriateness and up-to-dateness of *Mr. Punch's* weekly cartoon naturally suggest that it is all done the very night before publication. Well, it isn't. It is not revealing secrets of the prison-house to say that *Mr. Punch* has to peer through the unknown a week ahead in order to come out on the spot on the Wednesday following his weekly dinner. Pretty usually there; never such startling evidence of second sight as flashes forth to-day.

Anticipating second reading of Motor-Car Bill as likely to be topic of mid-week, and designing beneficially to assist in settling question, *Mr. Punch* instructed his Head (Pencil) Boy to draw a picture of President of Local Government Board, upset in ditch by motor-car scorchers, impotently protesting against the indignity. Like the remarks of *Captain Bunsby*, the bearing of the observation lay in the application thereof. *Squire Punch*, looking over the wall, comforts WALTER LONG with the remark that the only way to stop similar outrage is to limit not the rate of speed, but the car's capacity for speed.

Of course it was a purely fancy picture. This afternoon President of Local Government Board related to sympathetic House thrilling story of personal experience which in every



Toby hauls down his flag for the Recess.



WITH YE DEVONSHIRE STAGHOUNDS IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze not in ye British Museum.

essential detail confirmed the pictorial record! The thing had actually happened exactly as, six days earlier, *Mr. Punch* and his young men (certainly having dined) conceived it.

Psychical Society please note.

Business done.—WALTER LONG, none the worse for his accident, by dextrous driving carried without division second reading of Motor-Car Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday night.—EDWARD LAWSON, Baronet, takes his seat to-night as Baron BURNHAM of Hall Barn. Burnham Wood, as we all know, once came to Dunsinane. Burnham Beeches do not accompany the new Peer. Lord JAMES of Hereford and Lord BRAMPTON (*né* 'AWKINS) did. But to kindling imagination, they form fine background for title of new peerage. The honour conferred by the KING was well won. It has wider than personal range, since it is an honour paid to the profession of journalism. For journalism it is a far cry back to the time when Dr. JOHNSON furtively took notes of debate in Parliament on pain of being sent to gaol if he were discovered. Equally remote in Literature are the days when he sat in the ante-chamber of Lord CHESTERFIELD, long after repaying the Peer's impertinence with a rebuke conveyed in one of the finest passages in the English language. GEORGE THE SECOND would for greater fluency have relapsed into the German tongue had he been asked by PITT to raise a journalist to the peerage.

Throughout a long, arduous, honourable life, the new Peer has been no amateur journalist, no hereditary proprietor, fobbing princely profits to which he has contributed nothing but his signature to the cheque that regularly withdraws them. EDWARD LAWSON began at the very foot of the ladder, and, unaided, won his way to the top. He is not ashamed to tell how under the shrewd direction of his father—whose full reward was withheld since he did not live to see this day—he began his career at the printer's case, learning to set up type before he dabbled in manuscript. Thence, through all grades of journalistic work and managerial vocation, he shouldered his way, shoving his paper before him, till the mustard seed planted nearly half a century ago has grown into the great tree whose branches overshadow the world.

If the motto were not appropriated for another peerage, in similar way won by sheer merit and hard work, *Probitate et labore*

would admirably serve the new peerage.

Business done.—Commons in Committee of Supply.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

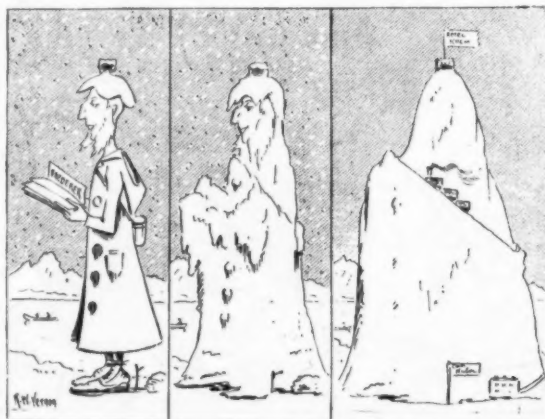
THE attempt which certain interested parties are making by means of the press to strangle in its birth the ennobling pursuit of motoring cannot be too strongly condemned. It is no exaggeration to say that the industry is daily providing an outlet for the fallow energies of incalculable numbers of the wealthy unemployed. But it has even greater claims than this on our gratitude and admiration. To take only one case, we feel sure that even Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM is too modest to claim as his own the solution of the problem which has defied the efforts of every politician who has honestly tried to grapple with it, from OLIVER CROMWELL to Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Without doubt it was the Gordon-Bennett Cup, and not the Land Purchase Bill, which originated, in the distressful children of our sister isle, their present phase of sanguine hilarity. And yet, day by day, the risk of injury to life and limb which the votaries of the new pursuit are cheerfully prepared to face is enormously aggravated by the crass and selfish folly of their fellow men.

Numberless examples of this want of consideration for others might be quoted. The following is a typical example. A representative of the bigoted old coaching type, now happily almost extinct, was with difficulty tooling a team of fiery young chestnuts along a narrow lane, while clumsily flirting with the lady on the box-seat, when a motor was heard approaching from behind. Being a fussy and irritable old gentleman, instead of driving quietly along he

completely lost his head, and the excitable animals in front of him, naturally affected by his nervousness, began kicking and plunging, in spite of all the efforts of the grooms who were by this time standing at the leaders' heads. The driver of the motor at once grasped the situation, and put on full steam ahead so as to pass the terrified beasts as quickly as possible, contemporaneously sounding his hooter for the first time as a warning of what was to follow. This clever device would no doubt have succeeded to perfection had not one of the wheelers, obviously sharing the panic of his master, swerved violently across the road, thereby causing the motor to run up the bank and come to an abrupt standstill in the ditch. The old maniac on the box had meanwhile jumped down, and rushed to the overturned motor. "Anyone hurt?" he cried. "No? Then, by —, there will be." And forthwith began lashing the owner and chauffeur with his four-in-hand whip. "Why didn't you stop?" he yelled. "Didn't you hear me shout? Do you know I've got young horses here, and ladies? You grimy mechanic, you! You—you filthy oil-rag! Take that, and that!"

One more instance must suffice to call attention to the increasing and criminal carelessness which the public display in the matter. The offending parties on this occasion were some half-dozen children, all below the age of ten, who were picking buttercups in a lane, unaccompanied by anyone of maturer years; they had even neglected the obvious precaution of deputing one of their number to keep a look-out round the corner. Suddenly a well-appointed 50 h.p. Panhard, which was taking the curve beautifully on one wheel, appeared in their midst. All that

the driver could do was to choose the line of least resistance, and with such super-human skill did he steer that only one child paid the penalty of the culpable rashness which they had all displayed. But the child's folly will not be fruitless if its parents and all other non-motoring members of the community take the lesson seriously to heart, and endeavour to control their prevailing habit of selfishness. Let them keep their own eyes open, and their children and animals under proper supervision when they take their walks abroad, and we shall hear less of the terrible risks to which motorists are at present so recklessly exposed.



THE PHLEGMATIC TOURIST;

OR, THE ORIGIN OF THE DON'T MATTERHORN.

LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

(Par Emile Bonhomme.)

I.—LE JEU DE "CRIKET."

Voici pour mes compatriotes qui ne voyagent pas, et qui pourtant désirent un aperçu digne de confiance sur nos aimables voisins, vu que l'entente cordiale est de toute actualité. Je viens de passer tout dernièrement quinze jours en Angleterre, de sorte que j'ai eu, pour étudier à fond les gens et les mœurs d'Outre-Manche, une occasion exceptionnelle. Je dois avouer que je ne parle pas l'anglais, ce qui m'a tant soit peu "handicapé," mais j'ai lié connaissance avec un Anglais polyglotte, qui a suppléé à mes propres observations, en fournissant des renseignements précieux. C'est lui qui m'a mené voir un "criket." Tout le monde là-bas se passionne pour ce jeu, si typique du génie anglais. Cela se joue sur une grande pelouse par deux équipes de onze personnes—soit vingt-deux personnes en tout. Mais ce qu'il y a de plus intéressant pour nous autres Français, c'est que le "criket" a un but purement militaire—une petite découverte que j'ai faite à moi tout seul! Tout d'abord j'ai été vivement frappé par une phrase très usitée en Angleterre: "Waterloo was one on the playing-fields of Eton" (Waterloo fut gagnée sur les champs de récréation d'Eton). Eton c'est le St. Cyr de l'Angleterre. Après avoir vu un "criket," j'ai trouvé le fin mot du mystère. On croit chez nos voisins que ce jeu exerce l'œil de ses adeptes, les endureit, et surtout qu'il produit des tireurs, des "marksmans" hors ligne.

Pour donner une petite idée de ce qui se passe. Au beau milieu de la pelouse se dressent deux "wikets," à une distance l'un de l'autre de 20 mètres. Chaque "wiket" se compose de trois bâtons, à peu près de la grandeur de cannes ordinaires. Tous les membres des deux équipes s'acharnent à tour de rôle à lancer d'un "wiket" à l'autre, avec une vitesse et une précision étonnantes, une balle en cuir, d'une solidité à toute épreuve. Un des joueurs se met devant chaque "wiket" pour le garantir de la balle avec son propre corps. Mais, pour adoucir la chose, il est fourni d'une légère armure pour se protéger les jambes, et d'une espèce de massue dont il se sert pour frapper la balle avant qu'elle ne lui enfonce les côtes. L'équipe rivale fait tout son possible pour arrêter la balle ainsi fouettée de toutes les forces du "batsman." De temps en temps les "batsmans" prennent leurs jambes au cou, et s'élancent entre les deux "wikets." En ce cas, il est permis de les estropier, si cela peut se faire, en



Vicar of Country Parish (interviewing new vergier). "Now, MR. JONES, WITH REGARD TO THE COLLECTIONS. WHEN THERE IS A SERMON, I SHALL WANT YOU TO MAKE THE COLLECTION IMMEDIATELY AFTER; AND WHEN—"

Mr. Jones (anxious to appear intelligent). "YESSIR, I QUITE UNDERSTAND YOU, SIR; AND WHEN THERE IS NOT A SERMON, SIR, THE COLLECTION TAKES PLACE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE!"

leur lançant la balle au corps. Ordinairement ils évitent le coup avec une agilité surprenante, et ça fait autant de points à leur jeu. Si le "batsman" (l'homme à la massue) ne réussit pas à protéger son "wiket," soit avec sa personne soit avec sa machine, et que la balle y touche, il est censé être "out," dehors, pincé, et il se retire sous les huées ou les applaudissements du public. C'est le cas de le dire, il y a des règles qui sont archi-bizarres! Il faut savoir attraper des coups sans sourciller. Si, par exemple, on croit que le "batsman," en arrêtant la balle avec sa jambe, a fait preuve de quelque hésitation, il y a un cri général de "house that?" (maison, cela?) et il doit se retirer pour ne pas s'être montré assez Spartiate. Deux arbitres, tout de blanc vêtus, comme emblème de leur intégrité, émettent leurs opinions, qui sont presque toujours suivies. Ce sont des fonctionnaires de l'Etat, et ils reçoivent un salaire plus que suffisant. Les équipes se composent "d'amateurs" et de "professionnels." Les professionnels sont presque tous d'anciens militaires qui gagnent un argent fou. Partout dans le pays ils sont honorés à l'excès. Quelquefois même, par

extraordinaire, ils gagnent des titres de noblesse.

L'exemple le plus notoire d'un individu qui a reçu une pairie pour le récompenser de son adresse impayable au criket, c'est le lord Hawke. Une chose plus remarquable encore, si ça se peut. Hon. le milord Jackson est devenu duc et pair à cause des prouesses de son fils aîné au jeu de criket! Lorsqu'on a offert la récompense suprême au jeune homme, il s'est écrié: "donnez ça à mon père, il en a plus besoin que moi." Et tout le monde d'applaudir, et de citer ce trait comme digne des anciens Grecs et Romains! Aussi on l'a pris au pied de la lettre.

Il y a aussi quelque chose qui correspond à peu près à nos palmes académiques, un grade où le récipiendaire s'écrit M.C.C. (membre de criket club).

Kilting the Kilt,

THE Glasgow Herald describes Mr. STEWART, the Unionist candidate for Argyllshire, as making his bow before the electorate "attired in partial Highland costume." Surely, a *reductio ad absurdum*.

CHARIVARIA.

It is stated that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would never have embarked on his Protectionist policy had he known that the *Daily Mail* would side against him.

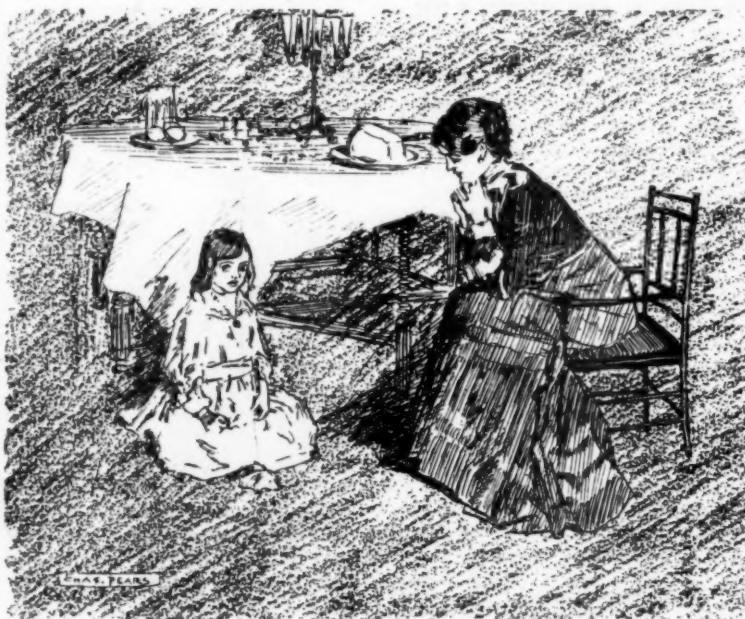
Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was greatly relieved to hear the Colonial Secretary's repudiation of the idea of taxing raw material. The Member for Oldham did not at all relish the recent occasion when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN taxed him with overweening self-confidence.

Captain HAMILTON, the new Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade, has attended his first fire. He is said to have found it most interesting, and has signified his intention of attending others.

Mr. CECIL RALEIGH has constructed a "Melo-farce" for Drury Lane. The author declares it has more of the amusing element in it than is the case with plays usually known as melo-dramas. This is a boast indeed.

It is rumoured that a play entitled *The Soothing System* has succeeded in making Mr. BOURCHIER extremely angry.

A valuable and gratifying contribution to the problem, "*Could we defend our country in the event of invasion?*" has been given by some manoeuvres near Salisbury, where an irate farmer, armed only with a pitchfork, drove an entire battery of artillery from his corn-field.



LITTLE EPISODE AT LLANDUDNO.

Aunt. "WELL, SIBYL, HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING HERE, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE WALES?"

Sibyl. "I'VE NEVER TASTED ANY, BUT (with pleasant recollections of some treats at home) I'M AWFULLY FOND OF WHITEBAITS!"

It is untrue that the Military Manœuvres which are to take place on a grand scale in the autumn are to be carried out under active service conditions. The regulations, which have just been issued, prohibit officers from taking pianos with them.

The Colonial Office having conducted the Sokoto Campaign without a hitch, it is rumoured that the Somali War, in which the Foreign Office and War Office have failed, will be handed over to the Colonial Office next instead of to the Board of Trade as originally arranged.

It is not expected that the improved dietary for the Navy will come into force this year. When it does, a new form of Grace will have to be instituted. At present the men offer up thanks when their meals are over.

The Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD predicts the defeat of the Government at the next election on the Education Act. *Old Moore's Almanac*, however, does not endorse this prophecy.

According to the *Cologne Gazette* "the Russian authorities have notified Pekin that for the present foreigners are prohibited from staying in Manchuria." It is uncertain whether this prohibition includes the Manchus.

M. JACQUES LEBAUDY has proclaimed himself Emperor of the Sahara, and his followers have become Deserters.

A SUGAR CONVENTIONALITY. — "Dear sugar! How sweet!"



THE DISORDER OF THE BATH.

HOW BELINDA BROWN APPEARED WITH "WAVES ALL OVER HER HAIR" BEFORE TAKING A BATH IN THE SEA—AND



HOW SHE LOOKED AFTER HAVING SOME MORE "WAVES ALL OVER IT."